Stew. Madame within, but neuer man ſo chang'd, I told him of the army that was landed, he ſmild at it, I told him you were coming, his anſwere was the worſe, of *Gloſters* treacherie, and of the loyall ſeruice of his ſonne when I enform'd him, then hee cald me ſott, and told me I had turnd the wrong ſide out, what hee ſhould moſt deſire ſeemes pleaſant to him, what like offenſiue.

Gon. Then ſhall you goe no further,
It is the cowiſh terrer of his ſpirit
That dares not vndertake, hele not feele wrongs
Which tie him to an anſwere, our wiſhes on the way
May proue effects, backe *Edgar* to my brother,
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers
I muſt change armes at home, and giue the diſtaffe
Into my husbands hands, this truſty ſeruant
Shall paſſe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venture in your owne behalfe
A miſtreſſes command, weare this, ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head: this kiſſe if it durſt ſpeake
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits vp into the ayre,
Conceaue and far you well.

Baſt. Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew

Gon. My moſt deer *Gloſter*, to thee a womans ſeruices
A foole vſurps my bed.

Stew. Madam here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*

Gon. I haue beene worth the whiſtling. (rude wind

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the duſt which the
Blowes in your face, I feare your diſpoſition
That nature which contemnes ith origin
Cannot be bordered certaine in it ſelfe,
She that her ſelfe will ſliuer and disbranch
From her materiall ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly vſe.

Gon. No more, the text is fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſedome and goodnes, to the vild ſeeme vild,
Filths ſauor but themſelues, what haue you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man

Whoſe

Whoſe reuerence euen the head-lu
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate
Could my good brother ſuffer you
A man, a Prince, by him ſo benifite
If that the heauens doe not their v
Send quickly downe to tame this
Humanity muſt perforce pray on it

Gon. Milke liuerd man
That beareſt a cheeke for bloes, a
Who haſt not in thy browes an eye
From thy ſuffering, that not know
Who are puniſht ere they haue do
Wher's thy drum? *France* ſpreds his
With plumed helme, thy ſtate beg
Whil'ſt thou a morall foole ſits ſti
Alack why does he ſo?

Alb. See thy ſelfe deuill, proper
fiend, ſo horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole!

Alb. Thou changed, and ſelfe-
Be-monſter not thy feature, wer't
To let theſe hands obay my bloud,
They are apt enough to diſlecate a
Thy fleſh and bones, how ere thou
A womans ſhape doth ſhield thee.

Gon. Marry your manhood mew

Alb. What newes.

Gent. O my good Lord the Duk
his ſeruant, going to put out the ot

Alb. *Gloſters* eyes?

Gen. A ſeruant that he bred, thra
Oppos'd against the act, bending
To his great maiſter, who thereat
Flew on him, and amongſt them, fe
But not without that harmefull ſtr
Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This ſhewes you are abou
That theſe our nether crimes ſo ſpe

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